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A Life Well Lived

by quassim

Summary

It's all going wrong. Nothing is working out.
Robin looked down at his gloved hands, and rubbed where his mark, the mark of the fell dragon lay. With Lucinia's description full of betrayal, loss, and destruction, Robin's mind pieced together what the future held.

Robin angst

Notes

I enjoy this sort of thing for some reason. Personally I wish that the mark of Grima was expanded upon in the game

A mark of divine origin. The members of the exalted family all proudly displayed theirs. A mark setting them as those who would save the people should the fell dragon return.

Robin looked down at his gloved hands, and rubbed where his mark, the mark of the fell dragon lay. With Lucinia's description full of betrayal, loss, and destruction, Robin's mind pieced together what the future held.

A future without his friends, without the world, without Chrom, a future full of nothing but death.

A future brought about by his own hand

The tactician paced his tent all night searching for some answer, and it all came to one answer.

No one has to die. Not this time.

Only one death, a life he couldn't even remember surely was no great loss if it saved the lives of his friends and loved ones?

Surely that is the answer.

Am I fit to stand with Chrom and the others?

No.

As the war raged on Robin could feel it.

Pure bloodlust. The desire to lead all those, even his dear friends, to a horrible death.

After the battle, while the other troops rejoiced over another victory, Robin quickly returned to his tent. He washed the blood off his clothes, and removed his gloves to clean his hands. That accursed mark seemed to be laughing at his internal dilemma over the darkness present in his mind.

He scrubbed his hands until they were raw that day.

When Lucinia came and said *You are my father's murderer.* It came as no surprise.

The princess stated that he had to die.
Robin only wondered why it had not come sooner.
He did not fight as the princess raised her sword, but instead asked that she protect Chrom.
Robin only opened his eyes in surprise at the clang of swords.

Chrom had stopped the blade.

Why. Why save my soul?

Chrom chastised his daughter and then turned to admonish Robin for not valuing his own life.

How can life be of value when you are afraid of living?

The dragon had been reborn.
Robin had not slept, ate, or stopped working.
He knew, he felt everything that Grima did.

This was his fate. Forever bound to a destiny of evil.

The soldiers, and even Chrom were visibly worried. Lucinia and the children from the future all glanced at Robin every few moments, eyes full of worry and wide with fear.

Robin rubbed at the mark on his hand, Lady Naga had given him a way out. A way to prevent this dark future from ever plaguing the lands again.

A way to make a life of value.

They've somehow done it. One final blow and the dragon god will no longer disturb the land.
Chrom gets up to strike with Falchion,only to be pushed back by a blast of magic.

Robin rushes forward to finish the task.

It's done. The war is over, the lands safe from such destruction.
The tactician begins to fade with Grima,

Chrom and the rest look on, horrified, cries for Robin call out.

He simply turns and smiles, tears falling faster than rain, and manages to say with sobs ringing with every other word.

"*I'm- sorry, I'-m so sorry, For-give me. This was the only way."*

The world was safe. All thanks to the loss of a life well lived.

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